PREDATOR

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I.

Under the Fingernail Moon

Mother always awakened me in the time closest to midnight and, in some instances, in the times closer to the hour of the wolf - the wee hours of the morning.

She opined sometimes, mother, here and there, about the latter, that very particular, liminal time, during family conversation, and in passing.

An affectation to her Norman ancestry I would later learn, a nod to the same - a subliminal omen, a black spell of destruction most localized spoken to a listening and expectant air.

When she would procure me from my slumber during such an assuredly ill-conceived juncture all that I knew was that it was very, very late in my reckoning (and in truth, in the reckoning of most) and that the punishment to come - harsh discipline upon already well-disciplined flesh - would be most severe.

Time began to spin backwards upon its increasingly tenous threads as I heard the clipped gait of mommy on her way up the spiral staircase - my own eyes open at first in horrible apprehension then shutting again and then, the confused paranoid fluttering of lids and lashes, as the heels upon the well-worn wooden floors became ever closer - clipped, authoritative, malignant. Her threat approaching - a promise of a humiliation most horrible for me, and, for her, an exultation most dread.

As the wooden door to my room opened slowly, creaking upon its hinges, the light from the small upper hall at the crest of the stairs issued a sickly filament of its illumination upon the walls of the bedroom. Slowly, ever so slowly the illumination increasing as the door opened wider and on this occasion casting its fell light first upon the old withered image of the chateau that hung upon the wall over my bedstand - a lithograph covered by a thin, filth-encrusted pane of glass surrounded by an even older frame, half-rotted.

Once open fully there she stood, stationary for a moment that seemed like an age - mommy - a formidable figure, appearing only as a black sillouhette shielded against the light. Although my body froze,

involuntarily, eyes closed - hoping against hope that she would simply surveil and not choose to partake, not on this night - instinctually I knew that this was not to be so, there would be no pardon. Mother knew that I knew and this, in its frightening way, pleased her as did the glistening cold sweat that began to form upon my brow.

She had told me about the chateau many years ago, while I was still little more than a pewling brat there in the presence of my grandmother, then in her dotage and now long since dead - her bones already disentegrating and fertilizing the wafting greenery of the field in the unhallowed ground adjutant to the parish cemetery, even as my own bones grew in strength and vigor and would for some years to come. Mother seemed to tell the story as much for my grandmother's perverse enjoyment as she did to terrify me, though at the time I was so young that portions of the import of the tale as of yet eluded me - though the significance came home to roost on that day after many subsequent retellings when she hung the picture of the chateau upon the wall, my wall - and even moreso one fortnight later when she first commenced her nocturnal visitations.

Still I remember that first telling most of all, even though the memory from early childhood had blurred in the few intervening years since, the recollection somewhat dim and hallucinatory in my mind's eye. I can remember my mother's relish at the grisly tale as she told it, and though she attempted to recount the alleged pastimes with some restraint even then I could apprehend her excitement, the decidedly girl-like giddiness that suffused her and caused her face to glow with a youth since past.

Grandmother's reactions as she listened to me then and in remembrance now were even more grotesque comparatively - nasty long, thick and yellowish fingernails set at the tips of vascular, liver-spotted hands covered with papery-thin skin seeming to already be in the early stages of decomposition scraping against the splintered wood of her old chair.

Less than twenty-four hours after my grandmother had died, her raspy breath still at long last within her chest, father and mother had taken the chair out to the curb to be collected and disposed of but while she was alive that had been her decrepit throne, the wood so abused that it was almost painful to the touch - the dry-rotted cushions upon the seat and back damp and exuding the unmistakeably pungent smells of drying piss and elderly perspiration.

It was those smells that I remembered when I had to cross the den on the way to the stairs leading upstairs to my bedroom - giving her a wide-berth because of the few times when I had come too close and her long, bony fingers had extended to grasp me, pinching painfully with a vice-like grip, her blind eyes staring blankly in their milky idiocy but with sixth-sense seeming to guide her talons, deprived of human sight, toward young and supple prey.

In these few instances my mother had been my champion, hearing my squeals of protest appearing in the entrance to the room out from the kitchen, admonishing grandmother against further molestations with a brief but effective forewarning:

"This one is not for you."

Only later would I learn the context and implications of her statement.

Some nights after the first retelling grandmother, mother and I had went out into the yard which led to the old unused lot beside our house - the foliage untended and overgrown but managed to some degree by nature itself, for the seasons had begun to turn toward the darker part of the year and all living things began adjusting themselves to nature's unyielding course, cruel as it was. The limbs of the trees had grown skeletal in appearance, only a few crumbling leaves hanging on stubbornly against the increasingly violent gusts coming down from the far north. There in the field what growth there was, weeds mostly, had become brittle, crumbling and falling into themselves - the cold earth beneath and the darkening skies above refusing to provide sustenance for growth.

My own face chilly, flushing red against pale cheeks above a parka over a woolen skirt and thick white hose covering the rest of my body, shivered still against the night air and ached with want for sleep - for it was late and I had little understanding of why the matriarchs of my family had brought me out into the elements, or why they themselves chose to stand with unknown expectancy while the furnace burned with warmth inside and my father dozed beside the hearth. As I began considering to myself potentially asking to return inside, mustering the courage to do so, a soft sigh echoed from my mother's mouth - the steam from her breath moving smokily across the light of the yellowish fingernail moon that hung above us static

and seemingly unnatural in cast.

Grandmother was silent but I could see that she had grasped her hands into tightly balled fists - later I would notice that there were small pinpricks where her nails had pierced into the flesh of her palms, so intently had she been apprehending the firmament and the secrets which it belied on that nocturnal outing - seen by so many but understood only by a dreadful elect.

As mother and grandmother tilted their heads to the sky I followed suit and saw to my astonishment the aweful sight of small orbs of white descending angrily, rushing toward the earth more than a thousand miles away. My mother curled her arm around my shoulder in a rare display of affection, her hand massaging absently as she recounted aspects of the forbidden lore which would in the by and by be impressed upon me psychologically and physically so strongly that in time that my spirit itself began to become poisoned, distorted, as I too entered into the ranks of the Astral Death Mothers.

II.

Dark Mothers

A clear, salty tear slowly dripped down my reddened face, chapped lips beginning to quiver uncontrollably in some strange visceral reaction to the sight of the strips of white rushing against their black aerial field as the stars fell from the heavens. Grandmother did not notice and paid me no mind whatsoever despite my discomfiture, her gaze firmly riveted to the sky but my mother sought to soothe me by way of explanation of the celestial happenings, as she saw them, though the words that emanated from her cruel lips served only to disturb me all the more.

"Each of those stars are one of the infants who have been dispatched in the chateau, their throats slit and crimson blood spilling unto their death as their cries, quickly choked out by asphyxiation, echo through the vast chambers, caught in the steel vessels held by the steward and his assistants.

Their mothers are also murdered at the same time - albeit in a separate space - so there is no real missing each other in truth on the part of mother or child - for their death is quick. Now they are both serving their destiny in service to mothers so much more dread than they - the Dark Mothers.

Now those little ones have become stars, falling, rushing downward to hell, earthly hell, and, once their light has become extinguished - as dying stars are oft to do - they will become lights once again, twinkling lights of illumination each and every one of them amidst the thousands of glass mirrors in the chandeliers amidst that most secret fortress, the beacon of the Dark Mothers, felt by only her most choice."

As her last word faded into the dark I felt a bizarre stillness settle over the land there in the darkened field and I noticed much to my grief that the sky was now empty - bereft not only of the falling stars but of all stars, the sliver sickle of a moon now hidden behind blackish grey clouds which seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. The air felt colder and I felt terribly raw, emotionally and physically, though not nearly as raw as I would in the nights to come - my cycle of ordeals having yet to commence yet unknowing to me looming only a few nights away, a few nights of tentative innocence before my flesh would be stripped raw in reality under the horrible lashes of a hideous and radical femininty unrestrained, inverted, possessed.

III.

Emerge as Sociopath

Vampirism in its breadth and scope constitutes an alchemical change process most harsh and exacting - yet different entirely than that of Satanism through its various peregrinations. Traditional Satanism emerged with an ideological thrust against the hedonism of the LaVeyan current - and in turn has inherited a white light approach in many sectors which is equally problematic for those seeking the unbridled quintessence of darkness.

For an adherent to embrace vampirism the adherent in question must be fanatically driven to become the most horrific of sociopaths and be willing to go to ground to commit acts of real-world evil that will cement their existence as the same in granite - for both the end goal and the process of vampirism inhabits a liminal space entirely inhuman, profoundly contrary in every way to the moralisms which confine even the most contrary and unethical man-based approaches to LHP evolutionary development. To effaciously effect the harsh alchemical change process of vampirism one must be inhabiting this entirely inhuman outlook and posture from the very gate. Anything less and there will not, in truth, exist the necessary momentum to push through to confrontation, transformation and breakthrough - to see the undead as they are and to adjust oneself to the abominable state in which one must dwell along the black path, the horror always increasing, never decreasing.

In the initial stages and in this we mean for a period of several years the aspirant of amoral black vampirism must completely enmesh themselves in the atmosphere of what it means to become a vampire. Vampirism is not a stylistic additive to one's particular left-hand path praxis - whatever that praxis may be, as many organizations might represent - it is not a seasoning agent. Amoral, black vampirism is a complete and total overhaul on a mental, physical, psychical and spiritual level that subsumes all the ideological prattle from the very gate. A vampire exists under a new law altogether - the absence of all law in a completely amoral existence in which any act of evil is not restrained but rather amplified in the service of an evil most complete and without limits - horror almighty.

This practice of immersion on the level of the psyche, indoctrination which develops tastes for all that

which is beyond the pale from a moral, human perspective, is not something to be sloughed away at some indeterminable time according to the white light attitudes of a myriad of those admist the "satanic" current, but rather something that should be engaged in until the vampire his/herself is the executor of the same in all fullness - so embroiled within their own hells on earth so created that the tales of dark glory of the monsters that have come before them serve not now as simply an impetus but rather fuel to the fire in a most dangerous game of one-upmanship - transgressing inevitably legal bounds without qualm nor question - bringing a presencing of the dark toward zenith levels yet untouched.

The pedantic, repetitive ministrations of that which is considered in a titular sense Traditional Satanism will seek to obfuscate and intimidate the potential adherent toward so traversing whereas, on the other side of the coin, black vampirism will simply lay the onus of forward trangress upon the very head of one so seeking such transgression. Do evil, plumb the depths of ones own subconscious and let each and every most profoundly dark desire - no matter how amoral according to whatever strain of thought - no matter how bent against the grain - no matter how sophisticated the means and measures might be and require to see such hideous dreams come to full flower. A vampire will become themselves the source of all intimidation and in fulfilling their own dark destiny upon the canvas of this earth will become the source of all that obscures, confounds and conceals - for the vampire is ever deceptive, a saboteur utilizing that which is clandestine and secret over the course of an existence unnatural dwelling in the shadows and on the periphery of the law and humanity.

It is not for nothing that the archetypal presentation of the vampire in folklore and representations from antiquity present the vampire as an inhabitant of the extreme wilderness of existence - unclean in their constitution, nature and proclivities existing in a state and environment complimentary to that state of separation, disdain and hatred of all that which is considered sacred to humanity whether that apparent sanctity be held forth as such from a religious, cultural or societal standpoint. No matter how seemingly expert one may be as a neophyte in presenting to others - whether these others be friendly or hostile to ones pursuits - for a fraction of the time the mood that one thinks embodies the vampiric - without a profound and indeed devastating level of separation from the human herd one is only play-acting - a dabbler at best, a purveyor of utterly dry and impotent mimicry at worst.

It is not enough to invert the cross - nor enough to trample upon the sanctified host - though both, at least

for those coming from a religious background, may provide at very least shadow symptoms of compromising one's own base programming - providing the first hunter's scent of what it might mean to become an actual agent of chaos - of engaging in a tangible way with darkness and causing real disruption to oneself, to others and to institutions which may be considered an appropriate canvas upon which to illustrate ones burgeoning and increasingly inhuman wrath.

And, if one avails oneself of the immediate, preliminary and entirely requisite stage of accepting in earnest the poison that is the vampiric current, the seed from which the undead state will sprout, that inhuman wrath will come - even unbidden - for many of the developments that one will experience along the amoral path of black vampirism, forbidden as they are for those clinging to their humanity, will come without forewarning.

Within folklore the vampire inhabits the coffin in total confinement from the day, apart from the world of light, imprisoned within a physical apparatus of sensory deprivation and complete separation - the coffin acting as the alembic of a harsh alchemical change process most blasphemous and usually secreted in areas clandestine from any human surveillance. From this alembic at the appointed time - twilight leading into night - the vampire emerges as violence personified, energy unleashed - as plague and rot - as terror - not human, but undead. Removed from the vagaries of decorum, morals and law of human society the vampire is beyond empath. Emerging as a sociopath, bred and primed for ultra-violence, pain, and domination - it is in the shadows of earthly existence in which their wakning consciousness emerges and within the dark corridors of the periphery in which they enact their predatory pastimes, an arena in which innocence is destroyed in an instance like ash on the wind.

IV.

Blood Feeding

Many have asked about the veracity of vampirism as it relates to the practice of feeding - to wit - feeding upon the blood essence of humans via the tried and true methods which most familiar with the subject will already be well aware:

Feeding upon the astral lifeforce via sympathetic contact (drawing from an item of the victim either dear to them or frequently handled, or biological objects such as hair, skin, etc. usually procured via secretive means).

Feeding via touch, feeding via sight and, as the crown jewel amongst such well-documented methods, feeding during the context of astral flight - the vampire her/himself transversing the subtle material plane to the area of the victim - preferably sleeping - there to enact a deep, profound predatory interaction which facilitates a higher yield both due to the enhanced state of the operator and the psychically vulnerable state of the target.

For most of those so inquiring the salient factor in their success or lack thereof in regard to the same is a markedly laissez-aire approach as it relates to the latter - the seeking of easy yields via easy practice - seldomly done.

For the highly motivated operator these practices will be done frequently if not incessantly - for there is little excuse except for intertia on the part of the would-be astral predator in any other case.

How many times do you encounter another physical human being in your presence - young or old, attractive or no, stranger or family? How many do you encounter on a frequent basis and - if infrequently - even by sight - do you possess a sense of awareness that the memory of the same is lodged within your consciousness with the ability to later recall?

All of these should be targets for your predatory intents. Should such predatory intents not be present in an appropriately ample portion you have already inaugurated the process of failure and must rectify yourself - however strict the measures - for self-criticism without self-rectification amounts to nought.

These methods of blood feeding should be practiced in high volume day after day and multiple, multiple times per day. There is leverage afforded in every vector of practice whether one be a person about town or a shut-in - to see is to know, to know is to victimize.

So many fiat and perniciously fallacious strictures have been placed upon the means and methods to forward what in a titular sense is considered the Left-Hand Path amongst so many. Amoral Black Vampirism is beyond such strictures and to even approach the lowest level in approach toward ascent as an amoral, predatory entity entombed within a flesh body one must have such fantasies well beyond oneself - honor, solidarity, loyalty - these are all dust upon the wind insofar as the very threshold apprehension of the vampiric constitutes. These are the affirmations and conciliations of those who really do not wish to transgress while beyond the authentic black operators carry out their work - personal power assured, calamity for that which lies without a given.

The Undead watch always - for those who are undead are known by the watchwords **WE NEVER SLEEP** and especially so is that dynamic employed during those early formative times in which that which was born a man must signify without doubt and with full black and sinister intent just how far one is willing to go - they will notice and for those do not give due diligence their staring, hideous gaze will pass over - never to rest upon the would-be predator again except in that the failed become an oblate subject to their attentions in an altogether other fashion, cursory and cruel, a separate dynamic at play. Should one genuinely wish to transverse the black alchemical path of the undead with all that entails all moral qualms must be checked at the gate and the very rudimentary practices - blood feeding inclusive - must be approached with the discipline of a fanatic - done with dread concentration and executed in excess.